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THE HISTORY OF *Netterville:*

A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAPTER. XVI.

IT was impossible that sleep could visit the pillow of Latimer, who, conscience-struck, shrunk from the recollection of the past; the moment he closed his eyes, his disturbed imagination presented to his view the image of Lewisham, no longer in the bloom of manhood, active, strong, and muscular; but a livid skeleton, wasted by disease, covered with wounds, "meagre, pale, and bloodless;" while the voice of an angel appeared to sound as from on high, exclaiming—"this is thy work, come and view the wreck, which a momentary ebullition of passion has caused, and tremble at the retribution of heaven!"—He started from the bed, a cold dew hung on his forehead, his frame quivered with convulsive agony, he hastily threw on his cloathes, and sat down at the window.—The sun had just risen to glad mankind, but its genial warmth enlivened not the soul of Latimer; for he reflected with horror, that in all human probability, the eye of his friend would never again hail the approach of day; and that while he enjoyed the blessings of life, health, and youth, he had been the means of depriving a fellow-creature of existence, and by one blow turning him from them all.—"Alas!" cried he, "I shall never again behold thee, never more can this heart know peace!—how dreadful is the pang of conscience! how barbed the arrow of remorse! O, my friend, would to God my death could atone, but alas! it is impossible; the cold grave which shelters thee from the storms of life, will yawn with a multitude of tortures for the wretch who has precipitated thee into it. O, for a Lethean draught, to lose at one moment the remembrance alike of pain and pleasure!"

Blanche was scarcely less disturbed; reflections the most distracting, precluded the possibility of repose; she lamented with true sisterly affection the fate of Lewisham, and shrunk with horror from the idea of uniting herself for life, to a man whose conscience was weighed down by the guilt of murder. Then, again, her heart felt for the situation of Latimer; and her love for him, which had been momentarily suppressed by the terror his intelligence had inspired, revived with increased energy, and pity combining with it, rendered her resolution to behold him no more agonizing in the extreme; and she almost determined to sacrifice every consideration to the hope of calming the agitation of his mind, and striving to promote his happiness.—In this painful state of wavering incertitude, she sank into a hurried and disturbed slumber; while Latimer, as the morning advanced, began to reflect in what manner he should open his embassy to Clara; and after much consideration, he resolved to call on his uncle, and after a candid confession of the whole affair, intreat Lady Newark to take on herself the office of introducing the ladies to each other.

The breakfast was placed and the family were seated round it, as he entered the room. Lord Newark rose, and attempted to name to him a lady who sat at the table reading a newspaper; Mr. Mathuen also rose, and advanced towards his cousin—"How this, George!" said he, "why you look as if you had travelled all night! what frolic is in the wind now?"—"Good God, George!" said Lord Newark, "what is the matter with you? your face is as pale as death!"—"Even *such* a messenger," cried the stranger, who was no other than Miss Nugent, "so dull, so spiritless, so woe-begone, drew Priam's curtains, in the dead of night, and would have told him half his Troy was burned; but Priam found the news ere he his tongue!"—"My Lord," said Latimer, "I will be obliged to you, if you will favour me with a few moments conversation in your library."—Lord Newark looked astonished, but desired him to be seated, and take some breakfast.—"Come, Latimer," said he, "drink a cup of tea with us, and afterwards I shall be happy to attend you." Latimer attempted to do as he was desired, but vain was the effort to swallow—and he replaced the cup on the table.—"Good heavens!" cried Lady Newark, "what is the matter, tell me, I beseech you, what is it that ails you?" Latimer shook his head; when an involuntary exclamation from Miss Nugent, attracted the attention of the whole party; she pointed to a paragraph in the paper before her, which Lord Newark taking up, read as follows:——

"Yesterday, a duel was fought between Lieutenant Netterville, of the second division of the ninth regiment of foot, and Captain Latimer, formerly an officer of the body-guards, now a volunteer in the same corps—the former gentleman is wounded, and the faculty give little hope of his recovery."——

Lord Newark turned his face towards his Nephew, who in an agony of sorrow walked towards the window, while Lady

Newark could with difficulty keep herself from fainting—Miss Nugent wept aloud, and young Mathuen was visibly affected —"What am I to think of this, George?" said Lord Newark, addressing himself to Latimer—"Alas! it is too true," said he, shuddering, "yesterday was fatal, I fear, to the life of Netterville—fatal, I fear, to my repose for ever!"—"In what originated the quarrel," said his lordship—"A woman, some girl, I suppose," said Miss Nugent, contemptuously——

"Who was't betray'd the capitol?—a woman,
Who was the cause of a long ten years siege,
And laid at last old Troy in ruins?—a woman.
Who lost Marc Antony the world?—a woman."

"O, Mr. Latimer, it was worthy of you in such a cause, to wound the heart of the best, the noblest of human beings —O, my poor boy! he was all that remained to me of the long cherished affection of my youth—all, except my Adeliza, which attached me to life—and he is gone!" Latimer leaned his head against the wainscot and wept aloud.—"He is not dead," cried he, attempting to articulate—"he is not dead, I hope."—"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Lady Newark, "Where will this end, let us fly to him, let us not lose an instant—every moment is precious—while we hesitate he dies!"—"O God!" cried Miss Nugent, "which way can I turn—what is to be done?—let us send him the best advice."—"My dear madam," said Mathuen, taking the hand of his mother, "things are perhaps not so bad, as your fears suggest—Miss Nugent, I intreat—I implore you, to be a little composed;" and having poured out two glasses of wine, he presented them to the ladies, and after much difficuty he prevailed on them to drink it—Lord Newark had, during this interval, quitted the room with his nephew—"Heaven and earth!" cried Lady Newark, "who shall breathe this intelligence to Clara?"—"It is a sad, a dreadful task," answered Mathuen—"Miss Nugent, will you permit me to be your escort to Margate"—"O, how thankful I shall be," replied that lady, "for the pleasure of your company!"—"We will all go together."—"For once," said her son, "my father being absent, I will undertake to conduct this affair, and so you must both listen to me; we will first, if you please, Miss Nugent, procure a skilful surgeon to attend us, and then, as in all probability, Latimer will hear from Margate this morning, we will wait until we know if our journey can benefit poor Netterville, for it would be useless to go if—"—"O, for God's sake, stop!" cried his mother, "the bare possibility of such an event, curdles my blood with horror!"—"Every thing," continued Mathuen, "shall be in readiness for your journey; and my mother may, if she wishes it, follow in my father's carriage by easy stages; I have no doubt of Miss Walsingham's accompanying her, as for you and I, we will travel post."—"Will you call on Miss Walsingham, Donald?" said Lady Newark, addressing her son.—"Most assuredly I will, my dear madam," replied he, "when I have settled the plan of our journey—adieu, I will hasten to my father's library or, perhaps, I shall be too late to see Latimer."

Captain Latimer had been gone some time before Mathuen came down stairs; so he had now no resource, except dispatching a messenger to Margate; and having promised his courier a reward equal to his speed, and finished every arrangement for Miss Nugent's journey, he proceeded to Miss Walsingham's. The moment he enquired for Clara, the servant informed him that she was gone to bed, having been suddenly seized with a fainting fit.—"To be sure, said Zaphania, the person who opened the door, "thou mayest think that we were not a little alarmed; but she is now better."—"Is she subject to complaints of the kind!" asked Mathuen; in part guessing at the cause of her malady. "O, no; not at all, I think," replied the old Quaker; "but I thank the Lord, she is now better."—Mathuen was retiring, to communicate this intilligence to his mother, when, at the street-door, he was astonished by the appearance of Latimer. "Good Heavens!" said he, "is it possible?—how, in the name of fortune, can you be so careless of your own safety? My father told me you had left town; what are you doing here?"—"I shall leave town immediately," said Latimer, "but I have business of the utmost importance with Miss Walsingham, and I must see her without delay."—"It is impossible," said Mathuen, "Clara, is ill, confined to her bed."—"How unlucky!" said Latimer, pausing, and putting his hand to his forehead; "Good God! how extremely unfortunate!"—Then suddenly turning to his cousin he said, Mathuen, are you willing to prove your friendship to me?" "To the utmost of my abilities:—come, we can talk as we pursue our way," and he slid his arm through that of Latimer's who immediately began to relate every circumstance of his first meeting with Blanche; his affection for her; the origin of the quarrel between himself and his friend; his own rashness, and his friend's susequent request; finally concluding with the information of Miss Darlington's being then in London, and a desire that, as it was out of his power, from the illness of Clara, to fulfil his mission, that Mathuen would take upon himself the care of Blanche, and gain for her the friendship and countenance of Lady Newark. Mr. Mathuen having promised to accede to his wishes, departed to apprize his mother of the new companion he was about to introduce to her; while Latimer reluctantly bent his way to the hotel in which he had left Blanche, with the intention of bidding her adieu.

After a night spent in harrassed and discomposed sleep, Blanche arose, and waited with impatience the time in which she expected Latimer to seek her. Hour after hour passed, and still as they succeeded one another, her terror and anxiety increased; yet this anxiety was not selfish; she had no fears for her own unprotected state; she was intirely without dread on her own account; but her whole soul was agonized at the unexpected and protracted absence of Latimer, who, she found on enquiry, had gone out early in the morning. In this state of suspense she strove in vain to arm her mind with fortitude, to bear their intended separation. Every noise she heard alarmed her, while the sound of every footstep on the staircase attracted her towards the door; her heart palpitated, but palpitated in vain; no Latimer was to be seen; and overcome by terror, she threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears —"Almighty Providence!" cried she, "perhaps he has been seized and conveyed to prison; perhaps his life forfeited to the just laws of his country; and I, the fatal cause of all this horror, still exist, I am at liberty; for me, for my sake, the generous Netterville lies extended on the bed of death; while Latimer, whom I would die to preserve, languishes in prison, without one friend to comfort or support him! O God, it is too much! Perhaps," continued she, "his mind, unable to bear the stings of conscience, has precipitated him into some deed of desperation; and I have cruelly added another arrow to the shaft of misfortune; I have pained that heart which was before oppressed with self-condemnation, and have inflicted fresh

wounds on a breast already lacerated by misery.—O, why, All-merciful Heaven, didst thou spare my life to hurl destruction on those, who, under thee were the means of its preservation? Wide and extended is the misery one precipitate action has caused—O, All-wise, and All-merciful Creator!" cried she bending herself in supplication, "thou who alone disposest the changes and chances of this mortal life—thou, who in thy just judgment thinkest upon mercy,—spare, the life of the best of men; weigh not, I beseech thee, the measure of our deserts, but in the plenitude of thy goodness restore him to our prayers!"—A footstep behind her now awakened her attention; when hastily rising, she exclaimed, "Captain Latimer, how glad am I to see you!—you cannot think how your long absence has terrified me!"—"O!" cried he, gazing at her with veneration, "would to God, that I might never leave you, my sweet Blanche!"——

"Should thy lov'd sight ere bless my eyes again,
Then I will own, I ought not to complain;
Since that sweet hour is worth an age of pain."

"But I feel, I know, I am unworthy of you," continued he; "I am unworthy of so much beauty, goodness, and virtue; and I am now come to bid you adieu. I have engaged for you the protection of my aunt; Miss Walsingham is confined to her bed; my cousin, Mathuen, will call for you in a short time; and now let me once more bless, and bid you farewell."—Blanche could not speak—she could scarcely stand;—he pressed her hand to his lips—"Adieu, lovely and beloved Blanche," cried he, "may Heaven bless and keep you; and if the prayers of such a wretch as I can aught avail, may it shower its choicest bounty on your head!" He now folded her in his arms, while she sobbed aloud, and hid her blushing face on his bosom; he pressed his lips to her cheek, which was suffused with tears. She made no effort to disengage herself from his embrace, but appeared for some moments lost to the recollection of every thing; when, suddenly recovering herself, she motioned him to leave her, at the same time uttering a fervent "God bless you, and preserve you!" when, hastily catching her to his bosom, he rushed out of her presence, and soon after quitted the house. The moment Latimer left her, the fortitude Blanche had been so long in acquiring gave way, and she sat down and wept bitterly; the remembrance of her mother was again awakened in her bosom, and she lamented her untimely fate, while the recollection of the kindness and attention she, at that period, received from Latimer and his friend, increased the anguish of the present hour, and she felt assured that the death of Lewisham would render her miserable for life. After some time, she reflected how strange her swollen countenance would appear to Mathuen, and hastily drying her tears, she endeavoured to compose herself against his arrival. Lady Newark received her with friendship and kindness, which gave an immediate assurance to her manner.—"How fortunate am I," exclaimed her ladyship, taking her hand, "thus to profit by the indisposition of Miss Walsingham?"—"Give me leave, dear madam," cried Blanche, "to hope that you will never have cause to lament this day." Lady Newark shook her head, "Ah, you are a sad croaker—but no more of this, come cheer up your spirits, for me must go and see what is the matter with poor Clara, and I admit no grave faces into the apartments of the sick." The conversation now took a general turn, and soon after Lady Newark retired for a few moments, to take leave of Miss Nugent, who she promised to follow in a few days, if Clara was better—and then rejoining her acquaintance, they proceeded towards Miss Walsingham's. Clara had just risen, and Lady Newark had no difficulty in discovering that her malady was rather mental than bodily; and having affectionately saluted her, she told her, that as soon as they had taken their morning airing, they would return and spend the day with her; but now I think of it," continued her ladyship, "you may as well put on your hat and go with us. I have brought you a young friend, Clara, and I expect you to be very fond of her—indeed I intend leaving her intirely with you in a few days, as I shall, probably, go to Margate."—"To Margate!" repeated Clara, her whole frame trembling with alarm and agitation, "and does your ladyship really intend going to Margate?"—"Why not, it will be pleasant at this season—I have resolved to leave my new protegee with you, or I would ask you to accompany me—but," continued Lady Newark, tenderly, taking her hand, "fear not, all will end to our satisfaction." Clara was no longer able to conceal her emotion; softened by the kindness of her friend, she burst into tears.—"Come, Miss Walsingham," said Lady Newark, wiping her eyes, "compose yourself, it is useless to give way to regret—affections were implanted in our natures for wise purposes, to render us good, virtuous, and happy; yet, carried beyond a certain degree, sensibility becomes criminal; and the duty we owe to our companions, associates, and friends, commands us to repress, as much as possible, every feeling which embitters their brighter prospects. I know this lesson is difficult, yet believe me, it is one in which I have been long conversant; affliction first taught me fortitude; religion instructed me to be resigned; and resignation has given me an habitual cheerfulness of mind, which is one of the greatest blessings of a good Providence. The world, in general, look up to me with envy; I am rich, and therefore they, consequently, imagine me happy; I have an excellent husband who was the choice of my youth, who is the pride of my matured judgment; I have the affection, the duty, the attention of Donald; I am thankful for these blessings, and strive, as much as possible, to forget the once-cherished hope which the wise Disposer of events has disappointed; yet, at times, the thorn of regret will still rankle in my bosom: I fly from recollections which agonize the soul to dissipation; in short, any thing to lose my own sad thoughts—cheerful company, and variety, are infallible cures for affliction. Come, hasten, and get ready, while I go pay my compliments to your good Aunt Gertrude." So saying, her ladyship quitted the room, and being soon after joined by Clara, she took her home to Cavendish Square, and it was late in the evening before they separated. The following day Clara received the note, which is here transcribed:

"Lady Newark is happy to inform Miss Walsingham, that by accounts just received from Margate, she understands a certain person is not *worse;* from which circumstance the faculty presage a favourable event. Lady Newark purposes being with her sister-in-law the day after to-morrow, and will be happy to see Miss Walsingham before her departure, that she may resign to her care the fair Darlington, whose impatience to see Miss Walsingham equals that of Lady *Newark.*"

Diogenes being asked the reason that philosophers were the followers of rich men, though rich men never followed philosophers? replied, "because the one knew what they had need of, and the other did not."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ESSAY ON VIRTUE.

MR. SCOTT,

TO remove wrong impressions, and give correct views of things, are objects worthy the attention of every lover of moral excellence; I therefore was pleased with your correspondent PHILO-VIRTUS' attempt to shew the excellence of Prudence; but as he has, seemingly, separated Virtue and Prudence and plainly intimated that the one may exist without the other in the text which he has chosen, viz. "Without Prudence, Virtue can have no charms," and in another sentence which he quotes from the same author, with much approbation, "Prudence is Virtue's safeguard, its brightest ornament, and its best defence," I hope this attempt to define *Virtue* may not be unacceptable to your readers and correspondents.—

I know no word which has been received under a greater variety of acceptations than *Virtue*:—CICERO derives it from *vir*, a man, and flowing from that original it was considered by many of the ancients to consist chiefly in fortitude. With the latin orator the Grecian philologists agreed and derived the word *arete*, virtue; from ARES, Mars the god of war:—The Pythagoreans defined it "a habit of doing our duty"—but this definition, as well as the former, is very exceptionable, as habit, and freedom of will do not flow from the same source, and without freedom of will there can be no virtue. SENECA in his 83d epistle says, "est equitas et tenor vitæ, per omnia consonans sibi" It it an even tenor, and harmony of life, consistent with itself throughout. This, in my opinion, is rather a description of a virtuous life than a definition of Virtue, which appears to be a collection of internal vital principles.—The correct and philosophic GROVE gives us the following definition "Virtue is a direct and fixed conformity of the will in its state of liberty to right reason, dictating to man his duty." This appears to me strictly true; but it may not be sufficiently plain to convey to the mind of all your readers such a view of Virtue as I could wish. Arch deacon PALEY appears to me more easily understood—he defines it thus—"Virtue is the doing good to mankind, in obedience to the will of GOD and for the sake of everlasting happiness. According to which definition (continueth the Arch deacon,) the good of mankind is the subject, the will of GOD the rule, and everlasting happiness the motive of human virtue. Virtue has been divided by some moralists into benevolence, prudence, fortitude and temperance. Benevolence proposes good ends, prudence suggests the best means of attaining them; fortitude enables us to encounter the difficulties, dangers and discouragements which stand in our way in the pursuit of these ends; temperance overcomes and repels the passions that obstruct it.—But the division of virtue to which we are now accustomed, is into duties towards GOD, as piety, reverence, resignation, gratitude, &c.—relative duties, as justice, charity, fidelity, loyalty, &c.—duties towards ourselves, as chastity, sobriety, temperance, preservation of life, care of health, &c."—*Paley's Philos. Dob. Edit. p. 56. 57.*

By these definitions and observations, it is very evident that no single principle can constitute Virtue, and that if either justice, or prudence; or temperance, or fortitude was not found in a human character, Virtue there could have no residence.

Virtue may be shortly defined moral excellence. It is every thing praise worthy. Every principle which can render man amiable, and deserving of esteem flows as it were to a common point, and there they are united under one term which we justly denominate *Virtue*.

By some it has been divided into two kinds, common and heroic—Common Virtue may be easily understood by what has been said: of heroic we have a most elegant description by Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE in his essay thereon, "It arises (saith he) from some great and native excellence of temper or genius in a person, transcending the common race of mankind, in wisdom, goodness, or fortitude. These ingredients improved by education and assisted by fortune, seem to make that noble composition which gave such a lustre to those who possessed it; as made them appear something more than mortals." It is here worthy of being remarked, that in our common mode of speech, we attribute goodness to one, fortitude to another, and prudence to a third; but this is by no means speaking correctly: Virtue cannot be separated. He who has one, has all; but he may have each principle that goes to constitute virtue in a greater or less degree, yet still in some degree its presence is absolutely necessary.

The definition of Virtue which your correspondents seem to embrace, is that virtue is *chastity*. That this definition is not sufficiently comprehensive, I think is very evident from the explanation given above; it is very true, no person who is unchaste can possess virtue, but the contrary is not true. A person may be chaste and by no means virtuous. A person who deserves the name of virtuous, ARISTOTLE well observed, must practise good actions knowingly, of his own free will, he must prefer them for their own sake, and with constancy persevere.

I esteem both your friends for their good intentions, and would only wish them to be more careful of their expressions; Prudence is not the safe-guard of Virtue, but one of the principles essential to its existence. Virtue, let it ever be the boast of both sex—it never did nor ever will exist without prudence: It is moral excellence, which makes us in a degree like unto our FATHER who is in heaven; it attaches itself to all characters, it is found in all conditions; it is *charity* as defined by PAUL—it is the genuine practice of the command given by CHRIST, "Thou shalt love the LORD thy GOD with all thy soul, with all thy heart, with all thy strength, with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself."

PHILO-VIRTUS I hope will excuse me for concluding in his own words, conjuring him 'to give the subject a few moments of philosophical reflection,' and I am convinced he will see his view of virtue is too limited.

A MORALIST.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

IT has ever been the characteristic of man to grasp with the greatest avidity every minutiæ relative to those who have been famous in history—every circumstance of their lives or characters is interesting, and affords instruction or amusement: Under an impression coincident with this truth, I am led to believe the following extract from *V. Paterculus*, as it relates to the most illustrious personage our world ever contained, will be satisfactory to many of your readers, I have therefore transcribed it for your use: It is a description of

OUR SAVIOUR,

which was sent in the days of *Tiberius Cæsar* to the Senate of Rome, by an officer of high rank in the Roman army then in Judea, named *Publius Lentullus*.

Yours, LÆRTES.

"THERE appeared, in these our days a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted for a Prophet of Truth, but his own Disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A

man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both fear and love: His hair is of the colour of the filbert full ripe, and plain almost down to his ears, but from his ears downwards somewhat curled, and more orient of colour waving, about his shoulders: In the midst of his head goeth a seam or partition, after the manner of the Nazarites: His forehead very plain and smooth: his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red: his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended: His beard somewhat thick, agreeable in colour to the hair of his head, not of any great length, but forked in the midst: Of an innocent and mature look: His eyes clear and quick. In reproving he is terrible; in admonishing courteous and fair-spoken; pleasant in speech mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, well-shaped and straight: His hands delectable to behold. In speaking, very temperate, modest, and wise. A man, for his singular beauty, surpassing the children of men."

LINNÆUS'S DREAM.

LINNÆUS, whose fame has spread throughout all Europe, had spent many days in examining and classing those wonderful plants which he had collected from the craggy mountains of Norway. He admired their beauty and structure, but knew not their use; nor was he able accurately to determine what place they held in the vegetable creation. He saw much was to be known, and lamented his ignorance;—whilst the world was admiring him as a prodigy and father of science:—nor could he forbear bitterly bewailing the shortness of life, which puts a stop to philosophical inquiries, and renders it almost impossible to attain even the smallest degree of perfection, in any one branch of knowledge. "Alas," said he, "why is man's existence circumscribed within such narrow bounds; and why, surrounded as he is with the glorious works of GOD, is he permitted to know so little of them? Scarce are we born into the world, scarce do we acquire skill to perceive what is most worthy our notice, before we are snatched away; and hurried to the grave, leaving our undertakings unfinished, and in the hands of those who either have not skill to carry them on, or chuse some other pursuits."

His thoughts distressed him, but still he retained that humble acquiescence in the will of the Supreme Being, which is ever inseparable from a truly philosophic mind;—he knew that whatever the Author of Nature appointed was certainly right and good. Humbled, therefore, but not discontented or repining he retired to rest, and in the visions of the night was instructed.

He fancied himself busied in searching for some extraordinary plants which he had long desired to be possessed of, and that he had wandered insensibly to one of the most delightful spots in all Norway. It was the brow of an high mountain: the vast ocean was before him, on which appeared with swelling sails, a large fleet, passing to convey the products of the north to the more pleasing regions of the south; and on the part, through a vale bounded on each side by craggy rocks, was seen the adjacent country, which the warm season, just begun, had clad in all its verdure. Beyond a river that bent its course through rich pastures filled with cattle, appeared to the right a large and populous town, over which the rising ground exhibited to the view, corn-fields, and all the variety of a well-watered country; and to the left a thick wood, through a large opening whereof (formed by nature) was seen the ruins of an ancient castle, heretofore the seat of Gothic valor. Linnæus's attention to his pursuit was for a while suspended; and he stopt to survey alternately these pleasing scenes. In the mean time, the sun setting in full glory beneath the waves, caused the horizon to exhibit the brightest colours of the rainbow, and these gradually fading, the starry concave of heaven began to be enlightened by the rising moon. But soon the scene was changed, the whole sky became veiled with thick clouds, and a distant roaring proclaimed the approach of a dreadful storm—Already the rain descended in vast torrents, the heavens blazed with lightning, and the rocks resounded with loud claps of thunder. Linnæus, filled with terror, was seeking where to shelter himself, when a voice from a cave, (whence there suddenly issued a gleam of light) bade him approach, and consider what he saw. With trembling he obeyed, and entered a spacious cavern, adorned on all sides with pointed crystals, which had been formed by water distilling from the rock, and which reflecting the light that proceeded from a golden lamp hanging in the midst, made it as bright as day. Here he found a venerable old man, in a loose robe of purple ornamented with ermine, who had before him a large concave mirror, and in his hand a golden rod; he seemed calm and serene, and approached Linnæus with a smile of complacency that dissipated all his fears. "Behold," said he, thy friend, who has desired thy happiness, and long sought to discover himself to thee. I would gladly always abide with thee, but the state of things in this world forbids it; and I can only use favorable opportunities of conversing with thee: at such times, I would make thee partaker of my riches, and they will continue forever. Seest thou this mirror? observe attentively what it presenteth to thee."

Having thus spoke, before Linnæus could reply, he waved his wand, and immediately there appeared a garden that had been lately planted: the trees were covered with a bright green, and began to shoot forth their various blooms on every part, and to fill the air with fragrant sweets. But suddenly there came forth those who had the care of the plantation, and stripped them of all their boughs and verdure, leaving only the bare and unadorned trunks, which, instead of the pleasant scene that before presented itself to the view, afforded only a disgustful and barren prospect. Soon, however, there were grafted upon these, fresh branches of all kinds, and again they sprung to a more delightful verdure, and produced more fragrant blossoms, and in the end the finest fruits, and went on increasing in beauty, strength, and usefulness.

Linnæus was filled with admiration, and began diligently to observe their various kinds, that he might know to what classes they belonged, when the venerable old man interrupted his speculations, and thus addressed himself to him:

"Know that no evil is permitted but for good, and that the shortness of life which thou lamentedst, is consistent with the designs of a wise and gracious God, the tender Father of all created beings.—Thou sawest the plants beautiful and pleasing to the sight, and it perhaps displeased thee that they were so soon stripped of their glory, and prevented from attaining that perfection to which they seemed to be tending: but thou sawest also, that thereby they became in the end more beautiful, and instead of continuing useless objects only pleasing to the sight, yielded the finest and most delicious fruits. So it is with man.—His days are

short, during which he exists in an imperfect state on earth and he is quickly removed from thence to flourish in that more exalted station for which he was created. In this world he begins to exert the powers of his mind, and to enquire after knowledge, and having obtained some small portion of wisdom, to promise himself a great increase, and to form plans of much improvement, and of perfection in what he has undertaken; but being designed for pursuits of a still nobler kind, he has a period put to his existence and progress here; he is like the plants that thou sawest, deprived of his first beauty and lustre, in order to be exalted to a more glorious state, and to be endued with higher faculties, than shall be grafted on his human nature, and, by the assistance of them, he shall attain to the utmost his soul can desire.

"It must not be revealed to man too clearly, what are the glories of that exalted state, lest he should be unwilling to remain his appointed time in this, and rushing immaturely into it, should fail in the desired end; but he is permitted to have some faint glimpse to quicken his desires and his endeavours to fit himself for it. What happiness must there be in a state, wherein man shall have before him a prospect of existence to all eternity, without meeting with any obstacle to put a stop to his pursuits? wherein he shall have leisure thoroughly to contemplate and investigate all the ways and works of God, and to gain a perfect knowledge thereof, observing accurately every thing that exists, and learning its place, its order and design?

"What enjoyments in a state, wherein he may be permitted to learn the history of this world, through which he shall have passed, and of all its revolutions; of the actions and ways of men, and of the dealings of God with them!—wherein he may learn the history of other worlds, visible and invisible, and the schemes of Divine Providence with regard to the whole! and, reflecting thereon, may become acquainted with all the attributes of the Deity; and being filled with unfeigned love and adoration, may draw near to the Most High, and see him as he is!"

Linnæus was in raptures at these words: he no longer lamented his condition:—he became suddenly contented with the shortness of his days, and even wished to arrive at the end of them:—but conscious how much attention and care it required to reach that desirable period in such a manner as to have well grounded hopes of enjoying the state of happiness he so earnestly wished for, he addressed himself to the sage, to beg his direction and instruction. "Venerable monitor," he cried, "teach me, O teach me how to live, so that I may attain a happy end." But such was the fervor and solicitude of his mind, that he awoke, and lo! that which he had seen and heard, was but a dream.

A LESSON.

IN one of those precious remains of ancient history, which even the withering hand of time delights to spare, we read of a man named Amasis, of low birth, but great courage, and considerable mental powers, though the sentiments of his heart were corrupt, who waded through torrents of blood to the throne of his betrayed and afterwards murdered sovereign. He had scarcely mounted the seat of the Kings of Egypt, when the silly dupes of his former artifice, the people, with the fickleness natural to the multitude, began to be ashamed of their own folly, and to speak contemptuously of his humble origin. But he had address enough, by means of a very curious expedient, to flatter their pride, to silence their murmurs, and to prevent a revolt.

The Kings of Egypt were wont to invite their courtiers to solemn feasts; and, on these occasions the guests washed their hands with the King in a golden cistern, kept always for that use. Amasis caused this cistern to be made into a statue of the favourite Deity of the country, and exposed it to be worshipped. He was overjoyed to see with what eagerness the people ran from all parts to pay their homage to it; and having assembled the Egyptians, he harangued them in the following manner:

"Hearken to me, countrymen, this statue which you worship, served you heretofore for the meanest uses: that all depends upon your choice and opinion: all authority resides originally in the people: you are the absolute arbiters of Religion and of Royalty, and create both your Gods and your Kings. I set you free from the idle fears of both the one and the other, by letting you know your just rights. all men are born equal; it is your will alone which makes a distinction. When you are pleased to raise any one to the highest rank, he ought not to continue in it but because it is your pleasure, and so long as you think fit:—I hold my authority from you alone; you may take it back and give it to another who will make you more happy than I can; shew me that man, and I shall immediately descend from the throne, and with pleasure mix among the multitude."

The people cajoled by this speech, conjured him to remain upon the throne; and he seemed to consent to it as *doing them a favour*. His power having been thus secured, and his ambition satisfied, *we are told* that he governed the people with mildness and moderation.

A TOUCH OF THE MARVELLOUS!

The following article appears in a late Vienna Court Gazette;

"AN uncommon incident occured on the 23d ult. in Schwabetal; a young female peasant having some time felt unusual pains and a pressure upon her stomach, was compelled to apply to a surgeon at St. Gall for a remedy. He at first endeavoured to divert her from her complaint—but upon repeated applications he at last gave her an emetic, in consequence of which she brought up a number of small adders, about an inch in length, and some shorter; and these discharges were often repeated with a num of adder's eggs. Finding her complaint not yet removed, she drank some buttermilk, in which she put a quantity of salt. This producing a stronger effort in her stomach, she found something strange had arisen in her mouth, and which she immediately drew out, throwing it upon the ground—it appeared to be an adder of considerable size; hissed, turned upon her, and shewed every sign of anger; she however, saved herself by flight.—All the particulars of this affair are to be enclosed in a proces verbal, in order that no kind of doubt of its authenticity may remain!"

FASHIONABLE ARGUMENT.

"WHAT must a man do that is insulted?" vociferated Frothly, who was upholding the fashion of Dueling, "Do," quoth the corporal, "do as reason dictates; if insulted by an *inferior*—pity him: if by a *superior*—despise him." "I would fight him," said Frothly. "And die?" interrogated the corporal. "He or I should die," replied Frothly. You would die like a fool," rejoined the corporal. Anger kindled a fire in the countenance of Frothly. "Perhaps you mean to insult me," said he, assuming an

erect posture, and looking fiercely at the corporal. "And if I did, what would you do?" asked the corporal. "Fight you," replied Frothly, casting a scrutinizing eye at the corporal, to observe whether he was intimidated. The corporal remained calm. "As war's my trade," said he, I have no objection to exchange shot."—"Done! where shall we meet—I will blow you to eternity in a crack." "We have met already," rejoined the corporal, deliberately bringing a brace of pistols from the closet—"there is a pair of killing little devils," added he, throwing them upon the table—"take your choice—the room is our field—our distance the length of the table. Come, are you ready?" The color fled from the face of Frothly. "We—we—we will meet in the morning," said he trembling. "We will fight this instant," quoth the corporal with firmness. Frothly attempted to reply, but his voice faultered. The corporal had too much goodness of heart to carry the joke any farther; and, therefore, after extorting a promise of better conduct from Frothly, he bid him depart, adding—"When you have a disposition to fight, mind you don't get the wrong sow by the ear."

THE EYE OF FAITH.

A MONK shewing the curiosities of his convent before a numerous assembly, declared the most curious to be a hair of the Virgin Mary, which he seemed to hold out to their view. A peasant, who wished above all things to behold so great a curiosity, having stared for some minutes in vain, cried out, "My good father, I do not see any thing."—"See; no to be sure, (replied the monk) how could you expect it? I myself have shewn this precious relick for twenty years, and even *my* eyes were never yet blest with *a sight* of it."

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

An attorney asking a man what was honesty, "Meddle with matters that concern you," was the reply.

Philadel., *Sept.* 29, 1804.

Imperial Sword.—A Swedish armourer has lately presented to his imperial majesty a sword at which he has worked for these four years.—The following is the description of it:

The handle of the sword represents the head of an Arabian horse, with busts of Mercury and Mars. Upon the branch of the guard, appears the Goddess of Recompence, surrounded by six heroes all crowned with laurel: on the other side of the same branch, Minerva is holding in her hand a laurel wreath which she shows to six other heroes, that they may merit it.

The blade of the most exquisite beauty and workmanship, damasked and encrusted with an inscription in golden letters, Arabic characters, nearly these words: *Thou wilt conquer thy enemies, and wilt have pity on the nations of peace.* On the other side of the blade, Justice crowned with Glory.

The upper ornament of the scabbard is set with fine pearls, fished in the river of European Amine in Finland.

The upper ornament represents the Goddess Pallas, seated and leaning against a column upon which is seen the inscription R. P. F. beside the column are the victorious banners of the republic. The goddess is holding in her right hand a buckler with the bust of Bonaparte; and at her feet a couched lion.

The second ornament represents Bonaparte on horse-back, surrounded by aids-de-camp uncovered: because they are speaking to Bonaparte.

Upon the ornament, in the middle of the scabbard, Bonaparte is seen mounted upon Neptune's car, and happily arriving from Egypt, to save France.

The upper part of the scabbard represents Bonaparte mounted upon Mercury's car, drawn by 4 horses, and hastening to join the army.

The second part represents the army which ceases to retreat at the arrival of Bonaparte.

The third part represents the battle of Marengo. Bonaparte here appears on horseback, in the midst of the fire.

Upon the fourth part the battle continues, and terminates by a victory.

The fifth part represents a delicious garden, in the middle of which the hero is seen reposing upon the bosom of the nation, which unknown to him, places a crown of laurel upon his head.

Upon the sixth part the hero is seen going out of his tent under the figure of Alexander; the Lazons throw themselves at his feet begging for peace.

Upon the same piece are seen Hercules and Mars giving each other the hand in token of reconciliation; they are trampling upon Discord.

The right side of the scabbard represents parts of the towns and fortresses captured by Bonaparte.

The lower part of the scabbard, representing the preparations for the descent, gun boats, anchors, cables, masts, sails, &c.

MARRIED—On Monday last, by Richard Palmer, esq. *Joseph Lloyd*, esq. attorney at law, to Miss *Lavinia Knight*, daughter of the late Dr. Sam. Knight.

—— On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Collin, Mr. *Baltis Raser*, to Miss *Elizabeth Johnson*, both of this city.

—— On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Tenant, Mr. *Peter Boult*, of Liverpool (Eng.) to Miss *Eddows* daughter of Mr. Ralph Eddows, of this city.

DIED—at Dover, (Del) Mr. *Thomas Pole*, printer, Ætat. 27, son of Mr. E. Pole, auctioneer of this city.

DIED—At Asbury, (Sussex county, the seat of her father) on the 3d inst. Mrs. *Ann Budd*, wife of Mr. Samuel W. Budd of this city, and daughter of Wm. M'Cullough, esq.

Cut down, like some fair flow'r in fullest bloom,
Her lovely form sleeps in the silent tomb:
While blooming youth, yet promised ev'ry joy;
"Attach'd to life by each endearing tie,"
Th' "insatiate archer" mark'd her for his prey,
And tore her from lamenting friends away.—
Ah! she was gentle as the vernal breeze,
Endow'd with ev'ry pow'r and wish to please;
Virtue's fair precepts, she with joy obey'd,
And all the glories of her name display'd.
She, she alone, her gentle breast inspired—
To all a pattern, and by all admired:
But all her worth, her virtue could not save
The dear departed from an early grave.
Yet boast not, Death, no triumph hast thou gain'd,
Religion arm'd her, fortitude sustain'd,
Taught her to view thee with undaunted mind,
Smile at thy pow'r and meet her end resign'd:
Composed she bade the joys of life adieu,
Unshaken faith held greater joys in view,
In climes where she the purest bliss will share,
With pain unmix'd nor clouded with a care,
Where spotless souls th' extatic joys will prove,
That flow from the eternal SOURCE OF LOVE.
Then hush your sighs, fond parents, and suppress,
Your flowing tears, your exquisite distress:
Fond husband, mourn no more your ANNA's end,
To heav'n's decree, with meek submission bend,
And when remembrance "prompts the rising sigh,"
And grief with tears fills the dissolving eye,
From her example, learn to live, and die

ADELIO.

To Correspondents.

"*Junio's*" 2d communication is received.

Communications by "*Henri*," and "*Scotus*" are too incorrect for the poetic page of the Repository.

"*Brentes*" is erroneous both in principle and practice, if he is disposed to doubt it, the editor will convince him, provided he makes personal application.

The editor is requested to inform the parties concerned, that the theatrical controversy, concluded in the Repository of last week, is resumed by A. in the Weekly Monitor of this day.

A CARD.

P. tenders the homage of his high consideration and respect to his *friend* HENRY; and tho' disposed at all times to treat his *acquaintance* with civility, he is now under the disagreeable necessity of informing him, that from the *stupidity* of his last production, he deems it wholly unnecessary (altho' the request is *very reasonable*) to *trouble* either Mr Scott or the public with a formal answer, merely for the gratification of Henry's *simple-self*.

P.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LOST, or was stolen a few days ago, MYSELF; or, what is as near the same thing as possible, my *likeness*; information has reached me that "fifteen girls" were seen draging it thro' the streets of Southwark, in an ignominious manner, which is highly grating to my feelings; in consequence thereof I do hereby offer a reward of five dollars to any person who will secure the said girls in any "stone jug" so that they may be brought to condign punishment. And I do solemnly invoke the assistance of the readers of the Repository of every description on this emergency to be aiding and assisting, for if the mere *likeness* cannot escape female depredation, what would they not do with the *original!!*—If any one Miss of the said 15 will make a full disclosure, she shall be pardoned, and receive one pint of gin and twenty kisses for her trouble and honesty, all the accomplices however, shall receive a sound *drubbing*.

S. S.

just 'tother side of two-two-two up town.

Subscribers will please to take notice, that the tenth *payment of* 25 *cents will be collected by the carriers on Saturday next.*

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

The following lines were the conclusion of a letter from a husband to his wife; I think there is a beauty in them that we do not commonly meet with in such correspondence; your giving them a place in your poetic page will oblige, Your's. X.

GOOD night, my love, sweet sleep attend,
Sooth ev'ry thought and smooth thy pillow,
Instil mild dreams, the husband, friend
Give to thy arms, thy dear bed-fellow:
And when the morn begins to dawn,
And, Phœbus' beams tinge hills with beauty,
And birds fly lightly o'er the lawn,
And man begins his daily duty:
O may young health, with balmy wing,
Hover around thee brisk and airy
And bless each little fluttering thing,
That prattles round my still lov'd MARY.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A FAREWELL ADDRESS
TO WOODS AND A STREAM.

AT early dawn when downy sleep
On ling'ring pinions left my bed,
And rosy morn with blushes sweet
Before my eyes her beauties spread.

I left the soft composing couch,
And wander'd on the pebbly shore;
With pensive, thoughtful steps retrac'd
Those scenes which I shall tread no more.

And thus address'd the waving trees,
And purling brook which tumbled by,
While recollection mourn'd the past,
And scenes untrac'd drew forth a sigh.

Ye woods, and stream; whose gloomy shade,
And murm'ring waves have seen me go
Oft to your friendly cool retreat,
To ease my toil, or sooth my woe.

Oft, have I wander'd on thy banks,
Thou pleasing stream that sweetly flows
Through the dark forest's deep recess
Which charms the soul to calm repose.

Oft have you mark'd my lonely steps
Both at bright noon and early dawn,
Or in the silent midnight hour,
When echo whispers o'er the lawn.

Or in grim winter's dreary reign,
When thick'ning fogs begloom the air,
Or whirling tempests hoarsely roar
And fill the soul with dark despair.

When from the north's dark frozen womb,
Great Boreas sweeps the vaulted skies;
When ev'ry bird forgets to sing,
And vegetative-nature dies.

Or when gay spring came smiling forth,
Dress'd in her all-endearing charms;
Or beaming summer fiercely sway'd,
To scorch in his impressive arms.

Through nature's ev'ry form I pay'd
My devoirs in thy peaceful dome,
Lone, pond'ring in thy silent shades,
Still doom'd in solitude to roam.

But now thy close, umbrageous shade,
No more this throbing heart shall view:
No more these eyes shall hail thy glades,
I, sighing, take my last adieu!

My warmest wish I now bestow,
While keen remembrance adds a tear;
Long may you brave the stroke of time,
And long your leafy honours wear.

But love's dear flame, delights thee not,
Nor does thy passive bosom know
Those pangs, those parting throes of mine
Which form the sum of human woe.

Yet thou sweet stream shalt peaceful flow,
Along thy banks the trees shall bloom,
When wrapt in clay, this breast lies cold,
And nature blossoms round my tomb.

JUVENIS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE RESOLVE.

ANNA again with joy I view
Those cheeks resume their wonted hue,
I thought to bid a long adieu,
And mourn thee 'mong the dead,

Where could I've gone to vent my grief?
What pleasure e'er could give relief?
To ev'ry charm I had been deaf,
Had lovely Anna died.

I'd wander'd from the ways of men,
To some wild forest's farthest ken,
Nor sought society again,
Had lovely Anna died.

Under some mournful willow's shade
I'd chose a cold and lonely bed,
And till I mingled with the dead
Would wept, had Anna died.

SYLVANDER.

AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER
TO HER INFANT AT THE BREAST.

UNHAPPY child of indiscretion!
Poor slumberer on a breast forlorn,
Pledge and reproof of rash transgression,
Dear, tho' unwelcome to be born:

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing
To Heav'n thy mother fain would dare;
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
And sighs suppress my broken pray'r.

And, hark! the voice of female glory,
And what is honor call'd on earth,
Warn me to hush thy fatal story,
And hide thy sad disastr'ous birth.

But, spite of these, my heart unshaken,
In parent duty turns to thee;
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,
Thy days shall lov'd and guarded be.

And, lest th' injurous world upbraid thee,
For mine or for thy father's ill,
A nameless mother oft shall aid thee——
A hand unseen protect thee still.

And tho' to rank and place a stranger,
Thy life an humble course must run;
Soon shalt thou learn to fly the danger,
Which I too late have learnt to shun.

Meantime, in these sequester'd vallies,
Here may'st thou rest in safe content;
For Innocence may smile at Malice,
And thou, oh! thou, art innocent!

Here thine infant wants are giv'n,
Shelter and rest, and purest air,
And milk as pure—but mercy Heav'n!
My tears have dropt and mingled there!

EPIGRAM TO A FALSE MISTRESS.

MY heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live *without* you;
Now we have been two months asunder,
How I liv'd *with* you is the wonder!

EPIGRAM TO A PHYSICIAN.

YOU say you doctor'd me, when lately ill,
To prove you did not—*I am living still.*

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

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